

THE DOTHAN EAGLE
(Every afternoon except Sunday)

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INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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Saturday December 5, 1914

Score One For the Governor.

If reports be true, Governor O'Neal is a great deal stronger with the best citizenship of this county than he has ever been before.

Sentences of six months and one year are hanging over prominent blind tiger operators here, and strong pressure has been brought to have the governor issue pardons for these flagrant violators of the prohibition law, but rumor says he has refused to interfere.

We hope the rumor is true and have good reason to believe it is, as we have not heard of the pardons being issued.

The Governor who probably mislead in issuing pardons before by promises from tiger operators and their influential friends, that there would, so far as they were concerned, be a stop to the illegal sale of whiskey here. He was fooled, and it is quite probable that not another Houston county tiger operator, it makes no difference how prominently connected he is, will be able to put one over on Governor O'Neal.

If it be true that the governor

will issue no more pardons, and he is quoted as saying that he

will not issue another pardon for a convicted Houston county whiskey seller, you are going to see that prohibition does prohibit.

When a man knows that if he sells whiskey in Houston county he will sooner or later be apprehended and put in stripes to work the roads, there is going to be mighty few who will take chance.

The governor's firm stand in law enforcement here is deeply appreciated and all good citizens of the county feel grateful to him for his help. A better day is dawning.

Colds.

The season for colds is at hand. If you have not had yours yet,

just be patient, for in the words of the song: "If you haven't had it you'll have it bye and bye."

For every nose must run, every eye must reddish and every head throb from the effects of a cold, and all because one good friend the doc, in all his researching has failed to find the cause of cold and consequently we are left "Naked to mine enemy," totally unprepared to prevent its encroachment.

There are two theories as to the cause of colds. One is that it is a germ disease and highly infectious, or in plain corn field language "ketchin'." This theory is adhered to by no less eminent authority than Dr. Woods Hutchinson who claims that a cold is easily communicated from one person to another that we ought to avoid as we would a small pox patient, any person who has a cold. Likewise we should stay out of crowded churches, theatres etc., where more or less impure air containing cold germs is floating around. He says if a child has school with red eyes, and jucy nose, the teacher send him home, as he is friends. But they are usually working for and paying rent to

A Nervous Wreck Had No Desire To Live — Peruna Is A Tonic and Strength Builder So Says

Mrs. Frank Stroobas, R. F. D. L. Appleton, Wm. Her letter reads:

"I began using Peruna a few months ago when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck. Could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live.

"Three bottles of Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength. While my recovery took nearly four months, at the end of that time I was better than I ever had been before. I had a splendid color and never weighed more in my life.

"I certainly think Peruna is without rival as a tonic and strength builder, and it has my endorsement."

Mr. Charles Brown, R. R. 4, Box 79, Rogersville, Tenn., writes: "I have tried many different remedies, but have found that Peruna is the greatest tonic on earth, and a perfect system builder."

every other child in the room. There may be something to this theory but up to the present writing it is only a theory.

If cold is an infectious disease like small pox or typhoid fever why is there not a serum discovered with which poor suffering mortals could be inoculated for prevention? Right there seems to be the weakness in the infection theory, germ theory.

The other theory regarding cold is that it is caused by improper diet, irregular eating, or overeating. Theorists of this school find the seat of the trouble in the stomach. They say a cold is only a symptom, that the real cause is an improper or over-loaded digestive system.

But all this theorizing has not brought what long suffering humanity wants, prevention of colds.

Kerehew!

Luke McLuke Says

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why is it that a motorman usually has Eskimo ideas about ventilation?

Father always indigestes because the children don't want to go to bed at night and don't want to get up in the morning. But mother knows that the children inherited it from the male side of their parentage.

What has become of the old-fashioned grandma who used to wear white caps and who told us Bible stories?

Everything that transpires happens for the best. A long

siege of tough luck makes a man more considerate of others.

The old-fashioned man that used to burn the candle at both ends now has a son who goes to bed and forgets to turn out the electric light.

Marriage is something changes up a sweetheart into a sour head.

A preacher doesn't have any more of a cinch in life than you

have and he is up against it about as much as you are. He has to get a call to some other church in order to get a raise in salary.

There was a time when beauty was skin deep. But nowadays a lot of it rubs off if you even touch it.

Women have it all over men as detectives. You never saw a man who was able to follow styles and keep track of them.

Once upon a time a man remembered that the day was the tenth anniversary of his wedding patient, any person who has a cold. Likewise we should stay out of crowded churches, theatres etc., where more or less impure air containing cold germs is floating around. He says if a child has

the soft hearted men are the best fellows and have the most friends. But they are usually working for and paying rent to

Robert J. Ingersoll's Eulogy on Whiskey—Dr. Buckley's Reply. The following is a简略的 eulogy on whiskey by Robert J. Ingersoll, and Dr. Buckley's reply thereto:

I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the bone or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled oils of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over hilltop fields, the breath of June, the card of the lark, the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the starred dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

Dr. Buckley's Reply.

I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of fire and bloodshed in the brain of man.

It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. If you will find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the card of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you will have "woe," "sorrow," "babbling," and "wounds without cause," "your eyes shall behold strange women" and "your heart shall utter perverse things."

Drink it deep and you shall hear the voices of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphans chidren mourning the loss of a father who yet lives.

Drink it deep and long and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck, and seize you with their fangs; for at last it bites like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. For forty years this liquid death has been within the staves of oak, harmless there as purest water.

I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains. And yet I call myself your friend."

The Audubon Star and the Brundidge News are engaged in an argument as to which of them first mentioned Henderson for governor of Alabama. The News claims that it uttered the glad

joy when Henderson was mayor of Troy, only a few years ago. If that is all the News can bring forth, it will have to give up the honor, as we can positively state that thirty-three years ago, when we set type with Ed Duty on the old Cleveland (Ohio) Herald he

was a constant and energetic booster for Henderson for governor of this state.—Geneva Reaper.

Just to show the people of the State that the Wiregrass is prosperous, despite the weevil bug and the European scrap, Dothan put on a fair this fall, with only a few months preparation, and netted 25 per cent on all the paid-up stock. If you want to rub shoulders with prosperity, come to the Wiregrass.—Geneva Reaper.

Speaking of a lack of fitness, we saw the other day a sewing machine advertisement hung up in a barber shop.

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Methodist preachers are our obligations. Regretting this meeting in annual conference at very much, we are, Andalusia this week, yet up to time of going to press we have not seen anything of the kind. To which the Augusta creditors made the following suggestive reply:

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 1914

Did you ever see a woman clothed in her right mind who was brave enough to clothe her body in a dress that was not in style?

The man in Jasper who bought a dog for \$50 when he could have bought a bale of cotton for \$35 had the correct conception of values.

Ever notice how hard the young things breathe in the scenes at the moving picture show?

Dog, hominy and hay is going to deliver a blow to the holl weevils in Houston county next fall that he will never get over.

The next legislature is likely to make a reputation as a law repealing body.

The man who says prohibition doesn't prohibit hopes it never will.

No great momentum to the Pay-Your-Debts movement yet.

STOPPING UP THE STREAM.

A Georgia firm, possibly a firm of planters, sent their creditors in August the following letter some time ago:

To, Augusta, Ga.

Gentlemen—We regret very much that up to the present writing we have been unable to meet our obligation to you for you can make more profit, while \$200. We hope to be in position very shortly to send you a check and have nothing we can turn in full, but at this time we can't pay our debts, and so on it goes.

As matters now stand, we are using our money to entitle you to hold cotton so that we are suffering for lack of funds to pay to you for you can make more profit, while \$200. We hope to be in position very shortly to send you a check and have nothing we can turn in full, but at this time we can't pay our debts, and so on it goes.

We have on hand 350 bales of cotton which we are now arranging to hold so as to meet

Don't Throw Away Your Old Hats. We'll make it Look Like New.

CLEM REZELL
TAILOR MARTIN HOTEL BLDG

READ THE EAGLE AND IMPROVE YOUR MIND



OUR HARDWARE STORE IS JUST THE PLACE TO COME FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. WE HAVE SUITABLE, SENSIBLE GIFTS FOR ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS AND FOR EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD.

WE CANNOT BEGIN TO TELL YOU ABOUT ALL THE THINGS WE'VE GOT FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. BEFORE YOU BUY JUST COME IN AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE GOT.

B. W. Clendinen & Co

Men Are Learning

Men of this day and time are not letting some one else do their thinking.

THEY DO THAT FOR THEMSELVES

They are learning that it is FOOLY to pay enough for one suit to buy two.

Now is a good time to wake up and

LEFT VALENTINE CLOTHES YOU.

**R. F. Valentine,
104 North Foster.****A Store for the Masses**

This store since its organization has been a store for the masses. A store where the man with a big family and a small purse could supply his every day needs and then have something left. And if you are not a regular customer here right now in these times of financial stress is the time to learn of the savings we offer you in buying goods.

For All The Family

Situated as we are out of the high rent district, owning our own store building and doing practically all our own work with very small overhead expense, we are in position to supply all your needs at lower prices than any other store in Dothan.

Millinery

When it comes to millinery, there's not another house in this section can sell you a stylish, becoming hat at anywhere near as low a price as we can. Come and let us show you that you've been paying too much for your hats. Goods delivered free in Dothan. If you live out of Dothan, order by parcel post.

Prices Slashed

Owing to these panicky war times we have decided to continue our cut prices on Dry Cleaning indefinitely.

Ladie's Coat Suits \$1.00**Gentlemen's Suits \$1.00**These are **CASH PRICES ONLY**. We positively will not send out any Dry Cleaning or Dyeing on Credit.Dothan Steam Laundry,
E. I. Baker, Prop.J. R. Faircloth, Pres. J. L. Crawford, Cashier
W. R. Flowers, V.P. H. G. Forester, Asst-Cashier

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Dothan National BankCapital Stock \$200,000.00
Surplus and Profits \$75,000.00
Stockholders' Responsibility \$1,500,000.00
A National Bank under Government supervision
In business here continuously over twenty-four years. Interest allowed on deposits in the savings departments at four percent.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright 1914) by Harold MacGrath

"Not the least doubt of it in my mind. Olga, old girl, it does look as if my star was growing dim. We'll never get our hands on that million. I feel it in my bones. So let's settle down to a campaign of revenge, without any fibbering. I want to twist Hargrave's heart before the game winds up."

"You wish really to injure her?"

"I do not wish to injure her. Far from it," he replied, smiling evilly.

"You want her . . . dead?"

whispered Olga, paling.

"Exactly. I want her dead. And so if all my efforts here come to nothing, so shall Hargrave's. His millions will become waste paper to him. That's revenge. The Persian peach method."

"Poison? You shall not! You shall not kill her!" vehemently.

"Tender hearted?"

"No. If I must in the end go to prison, so be it; but I refuse to die in the chair."

"Very well, then. We shan't kill her, but we'll make her wish she was dead. I was only trying to see how far you would go. The basket of peaches is in the hallway. Every peach is poisoned. No man in the



He Went to the Telephone.

"O, what lovely fruit!" cried Susan, pausing. "I'm going to steal one," she laughed. She selected a peach and began eating it on the way up to her room.

The maid passed on into the library. "What's this?" inquired Florence, as the maid held out the basket. She selected a peach and was about to set her white teeth into it when Jim interposed.

"Wait a moment, dear." Florence lowered the peach. Jim turned to the maid. "Who sent it?"

"I don't know, sir. A messenger brought it, saying it was for Miss Hargrave."

"Let me see if there is a card." But Jim searched in vain for the card of the donor. At once all his suspicions arose. "Don't touch them. Better let the maid throw them out. Fruit from unknown persons might not be the healthiest thing in the world."

"What do you think?"

"That in all probability they are poisoned. But there's no need trying to prove my theory right or wrong. Ask Jones. He'll tell you to throw them away."

"Horrible!" Florence shuddered.

"But they do not want to poison me. I'm too valuable. They want me alive."

"Who can say?" returned Jim gloomily. "They may have learned that they cannot beat us, no matter what card they turn up. I may be wrong, but take my advice and throw them away. . . . Good Lord, what's that?" started.

"Some one cried!"

"O, Miss Florence," exclaimed the maid, terror stricken as she recalled Susan's act. "Miss Susan took a peach from the basket and was eating it on the way to her room."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jim. "I was right. The fruit was poisoned."

Jim had head enough to send for a specialist he knew. The specialist arrived after twenty minutes after Susan's first cry. To his keen eye it looked like certain poison which had for its basis the venom of the cobra.

"Will she live?"

"O, yes. But she'll be a wreck for some months. Send her to the hospital where I can visit her frequently. And I'll take that peach along for analysis. No police affair."

"No. We dare not call them in," said Jim.

"That's your affair. I'll send down the ambulance. Keep her quiet. She'll have a species of paralysis; but that's work of under the treatment. A strange business."

"So it is," agreed Jim grimly.

Florence knelt beside her friend's bed and cried softly.

"You called me just in time. An hour later, nothing would have saved her. She would have been paralyzed for life."

Jim accompanied the doctor to the door and went in search of Jones. He found the butler eying the fruit basket, his face gray and drawn, though his eyes blazed with fury.

"Poison!"

A profit bad poison, too," said Jim.

"I can't do anything. We've just got to sit still. But in the end we'll get them. That she devil."

"No, my friend, that he devil. The

basket, the maid, touched

wasn't without courage to seize this fruit, knowing that I would instantly suspect the sender. Yet, I have no definite proof. I could not hold him in court in law. He will have bought the fruit piece by piece, the basket in a basket shop. He will have injected the poison himself when alone. Poor Susan! That messenger was without doubt some one over whom he holds the threat of the death chair. That's the way he works."

Jim tramped the room while Jones carried the fruit to the kitchen. The butler returned after a while.

"What about that blank sheet of paper?"

"It has to be dipped into a solution; after that you can read it by heating. I have already dipped it into the solution. The moment the heat leaves the sheet the writing disappears again. The ink is waterproof. I'll show you."

Jones got a candle from the mantle, lit it, and held the sheet of paper very close to the flame. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, letters began to form on the blank sheet. At length the message was complete.

"Dear Hargrave—The Russian minister of police is at the Blank hotel under the name of Henri Servan. He is investigating the work of the Black Hundred in this country and can free you from their vengeance if you supply the evidence needed."

"Now, what evidence can he want?" asked Jim.

"Such as will prove Braine an undesirable citizen."

"And then?"

"Quietly pack him off to Russia, where he is badly wanted."

"Who sent this message?"

"One of our mysterious friends. We have a few, as you already know. But I'll go and make this man Servan a visit. I have seen the real minister, and if this man is the same one, something of importance may turn up. I shall want you somewhere about. Here, I'll let you have this letter. Remember, heat brings it out and cold air makes it vanish. Now I'll go up for a moment to see how that poor girl is getting along. We are lucky; there's no gainsaying that."

"You're a clever man, Jones," said Jim.

Jones turned upon him, his face grave. The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. Jones was first to turn aside his glance, as he had something to conceal and Jim had nothing.

When the ambulance took the tormented Susan away, Jones addressed Florence gravely.

"I am going out and so is Mr. Norton. Do not leave the house, not even if you have a telephone call from me or Norton. Both of us will return; so don't let anything bother or confuse you."

"I promise," said Florence, strutting with a sob.

Jones went downstairs again, paused by a window as if cogitating, and suddenly threw it up and looked abroad. A rustle among the trees caused a smile to flit across his face. So they had sent some one to learn the effect of the poison? Or to follow him should he leave the house? He retired to the kitchen and gave some

"Letters Began to Form on the Blank Sheet."

explicit orders to the chef, orders which did not in any way refer to cooking. Then Jones and the reporter left the house, each quite aware that they were being followed. Near the Blank hotel they separated in order to confuse the stalker. He might indeed find and follow the wrong man. But it was evident that this time he had been directed to follow Jones; for he entered the hotel a minute after Jones.

Meantime a second spy, whom Jones had not seen, had observed the traces of the invisible writing and had immediately informed Braine, who was not far away. That his poisoned fruit had strucken down an outsider troubled him none at all. But that mysterious message he meant to have; it might be a life and death affair. It might be a clue to the treasure, or the whereabouts of Hargrave.

Thus, while only one man followed Jones, several kept a far eye on Jim.

Jones scribbled his name on a blank card and had it taken to the Russian's room. The page eyed that card curiously. It was different from anything he had ever seen before. In one corner were written three or four words

THE DOTHAN EAGLE

ring Rossan. On your way, Hargrave," he cried to the half maid, who wanted a look at the card. "Up the room, sir. He'll see you!" The boy kept the silver salver extended expectantly, but Jones went past without apparently noticing the hint.

The Russian was standing by a window when Jones knocked and was bidden to enter.

"You are not Hargrave."

"Neither are you the Russian minister of police," urbanely.

"Who are you?"

"I am Hargrave's confidential man, sir."

The two men eyed each other cautiously.

"You speak Russian?"

"No, I am able to scribble a few words; that is all."

The Russian lit a cigarette and smoked leisurely. He was in no hurry.

"No, I am not the minister, but I am his accredited agent. I am empowered to bring back to Russia a man who is known here by the name of Braine, another by the name of

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